UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Heart That Is Open to Sorrow - - - - - - - - *A. Powell Davies*

Norwegian Student Resistance - *Kurt Singer*

Lola Maverick Lloyd - *Tracy D. Mygatt*

Concerning Religious Humanism - - - - - - *F. H. Amphlett Micklewright*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Indian Freedom

We for one are by no means sure that a National Government of India will do necessarily much more than what the British Government has done. But we are sure that the British Government has exhausted its power for good in India and that its continued domination of the social and economic life of the country will be good neither for Britain nor for the world at large.

Gandhiji's phrase "Quit India" has been perverted by political hostility. It merely means and meant to people who had no motive to distort its meaning—"Leave us to ourselves to manage or mismanage our own affairs." Such a demand involves no reflection on anybody. A plea for freedom, Edmund Burke declared, needs no offset of grievances. Lord Wavell's assumption that Britain has greater interest and obligations in India than Indians themselves is a bit of exaggeration which was not expected of him. The old saying that the wearer knows where his shoe pinches, has a deeper significance and covers a larger range than a pair of shoes. Britain's failure in India is no longer a matter for discussion. The growth of the population is put forward as proof of its beneficence. That growth itself, so far from being a tribute to British rule, is its most damning condemnation. People breed because you have left nothing else for them to do. While deploring the increase of population, you take full advantage of it and boast of the two million soldiers who have voluntarily joined the army and are fighting for you on all the war fronts. Gandhiji's analysis of this oft repeated boast will remain a classic in Indian political literature. If Governments are sincere and earnest in the request for cooperation, they should make it not merely possible but easy and pleasant for self-respecting Indians to offer cooperation. How have they done this? By imprisoning men, of whose high character Lord Wavell himself is appreciative, without trial, against the elementary principles of British jurisprudence?

So far as any concerted movement to oust British rule from India, armed or unarmed, is concerned, there is at present no sign nor even possibility. But Britain will have to face world opinion and world competition, even jealousy. To an increasing extent, India sullen, silent, gloomily obedient, will be an uncomfortable dependency. There are sensitive people, even in Britain, who are already shy of taking up responsible positions in India. No English public man of suitable status could be found to come out as Viceroy. This is an open secret. A soldier had to be sent. Even soldiers may not be found to succeed Lord Wavell. That is how we visualize the future of British rule in this country. There is an American saying that if you want to keep a man in the gutter you yourself will have to remain there. The repercussions of Indian bureaucratic rule are already making themselves felt in British politics. India's freedom means Britain's freedom.

—*Indian Social Reformer.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXX OCTOBER, 1944 No. 8

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

This month (October 2nd) marks the 75th anniversary of Gandhi's birthday. UNITY salutes the great Indian leader on this notable occasion, and joins the multitudes of his own countrymen and lovers of liberty the world around in wishing the Mahatma many years of undiminished energy to serve the high interests of humankind. We rejoice that Gandhi is celebrating his natal day a free man—that is, as free as any man can be in enslaved India today! We wish that his great compatriots, the thousands of Indian leaders behind the bars of British jails, were free to clasp his hands and pledge anew their devotion. But India will some day herself be free, and her people able at last to express their love and honor for the greatest of her sons. It was twenty-five years ago, in 1919, that the Editor of UNITY proclaimed Gandhi to be "the greatest man in the world." At that time he was well known in India, though holding no position of primacy, but was practically unknown to the world at large. But in those days of the Rowlett Acts and the Amritsar Massacre, Gandhi sprang quickly to the forefront of his nation's life, and from that hour to this present hour has held undisputed leadership of his people in their cause of national independence. In this long fight for liberty, Gandhi has displayed transcendent qualities of mind, heart, and spirit. Fearful of nothing, patient of everything, disciplined to utter purity of inward life, scornful of force and violence, utterly reliant upon the sheer power of the spirit, he has taken rank not only among the supreme statesmen of all time, but also among the saints and saviors of mankind. It is in his cultural awakening of modern India to dignity and self-respect, in his emancipation of her own enslaved class of Untouchables, in his elevation and organization of nonviolence as a method of mass action, in his ideals of Love and Truth as embodied in Soul Force, that Gandhi takes on the character of religious leadership, and even in his lifetime is classified with Buddha, Lao-tse, Jeremiah, Jesus, and St. Francis. To those of us who have met him and know him, it is Gandhi the man who is most impressive as the personal exemplar of his own principles of the spirit. To see Gandhi at prayer is an unforgettable experience. In his *Short History of the English People,* the historian Greene describes George Washington as "the noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." This proud place, I now believe, is held by Gandhi. And more than this, for Gandhi belongs not to India only, but to humanity, and not to this age only but to eternity. What an experience it is to be living in the world with such a man!

II

I cannot vote for Mr. Roosevelt in this presidential campaign. His experience in the war is more than matched by his demand for a fourth term, which I regard as a serious menace to our democratic American life. Furthermore, there is the Democratic Party which represents a combination of the basest political elements in this country today—the southern Bourbons on the one hand, and the corrupt bosses and machines of our northern cities on the other. The conspiracy between these two in betrayal of Vice-President Wallace at the Chicago Convention, with the connivance of the President, was a kind of last straw. But neither can I vote for Mr. Dewey in this campaign! He is able, honest, ambitious, a good administrator, but he has no experience in large affairs, and he shows no evidence of that bigness of mind and character which are desperately needed at this hour to meet the challenge of a nation and a world in crisis. As for the Republican Party, it is fronted frankly toward the past, and would thus go back to "normalcy" today rather than forward to a new world. But in this respect, it is hardly worse than the Democratic Party. Mr. Willkie was right in his *Collier's* article when he indicted the platforms of the two parties as rivals one of another in timidity, futility, and sheer hypocrisy. In lieu of these two candidates, neither one of whom offers any real hope for the future either of our nation or of the world, I turn for my candidate to NORMAN THOMAS, who is running for the presidency on the Socialist ticket. But this negative reason for voting for Mr. Thomas is only an introduction, so to speak, to the positive reasons for supporting him. These reasons are three in number. First, the character of the man who, in ability, thought, and statesmanlike vision, is a match for either of his rivals. Secondly, Thomas' understanding of the war and its true

causes, and his sure grasp of the problems of the peace. Thirdly, the Socialist Party, which, though small, is the only party we have which has a consistent philosophy of political and economic progress into the future which awaits us. If Norman Thomas were elected in this campaign, we might have some confidence of escaping in the years ahead a new drift into imperialism, depression, and another war. But, we are told, he will not be elected! So why throw your vote away? To which there stands the sure reply that to vote either for Roosevelt or for Dewey is to throw your vote away indeed, since it makes no fundamental difference which of these two men wins. In voting for Norman Thomas, I am supporting my convictions, and contributing to the one result, a large protest vote, which will help stabilize our world.

III

Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick has made an extraordinary statement in one of her dispatches in the New York *Times*. Writing from Rome about the Pope and his attitude toward "the policy to be pursued by the victors after the decision has been won" in this war, she says: *"As a spiritual ruler he can hardly be expected to take the same view as the military and political leaders."* The implications of this statement are stupendous, and penetrate to the very roots of the world's failure to get rid of war and establish enduring peace. First of all, of course, the statement means that the Pope as a churchman can have nothing to do with the war itself. Nations may go to war but not churches. These institutions of God, pledged to the service of religion, must be "above the battle," and thus immune to hatred, vengeance, and violence. "The church is not at war!" —this is what the pacifists have said from the beginning, and Mrs. McCormick justified this attitude in the august person of the Holy Father. But then she goes on and declares that, after the victory has been won and the work of making peace has begun, "the military and political leaders can hardly be expected to take the same view" as Pius XII, and religionists generally. This "view," of course, is the Christian view, which recognizes decency, pity, forgiveness, brotherhood, and love as basic elements of human character. If the Pope now, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other churchmen of this calibre were to make the peace, then this Christian view would prevail, and we would get a peace that would withstand "the gates of hell." It is not such spiritual leaders who will determine the peace, but "military and political leaders," and these cannot be expected to have this view. Between the world and the church, in other words, between politics and religion, Mrs. McCormick places an impassable gulf. Which is just the reason why wars come, and peace after each war fails! The fundamental explanation of the plight into which our world has tumbled is the absence of moral values. We have built, or attempted to build, a civilization which knows not God nor his divine will for men. We have proudly proclaimed that we can get along without God and his laws of righteousness, and in token of our godlessness, have thrust aside the church, and ignored religion, and defied morality. It looked pretty good while it lasted—this getting rid of these bothersome moral standards and spiritual ideals. Always in the way of what we wanted to do! But now the day of reckoning has come. And an accomplished observer like Mrs. McCormick confesses that we have learned nothing, and must go on in this same old heathenish way! Well, if this be true, it is all over. Unless life can be dominated by morals and religion, then "good-bye, proud world."

IV

The growing bitterness in this country weighs upon my soul. It bodes no good for the nation, or anybody in the nation. On the contrary, it bodes such ill as this country has not seen since the days of the Civil War. "Smearing" has become the great sport of the hour. If there is a man with whom you disagree, do not argue with him or talk things over, but "smear" him, call him a Communist or a pro-Nazi, take away his reputation, rob him of his good name—that is the way to do it! There are newspapers and radio commentators who do little else but stir up misunderstanding and hatred against persons who will not agree to follow the exact dictation of their will. These purely private individuals presume to set up a standard of what is and is not patriotic devotion to the nation's cause; and anybody who does not scrupulously conform is straightway brought under the charge of sedition and treason. We have heard much of the so-called "party line" in Communism. Toe that line, shift instantly when its direction is changed, or else be exiled, tortured, or shot! Well, that "party line" in a political organization has now become a patriotic or loyalist line in the country at large, and if we fail to toe it, we are ruined. Of course this is the direct transference to our own land of the Nazi method and technique. While our soldiers win the war abroad, we are losing it here at home. The result is that the whole nation is being sown with bitterness, the atmosphere poisoned with hate, and our citizenry divided in mutual suspicion and intolerance. The temper in America today is more like the temper I saw in Germany in 1931 than I dare now to think about. And all the while the prejudice against Jews, Negroes, and Roman Catholics mounts like a raging fever! What are we going to do to restore our sanity and preserve our liberty? What can save us from the loss of everything that is really precious to our American democracy? America is not a territory, or a government. It is not cities, or plains, or manufactures, or wealth. It is not armies, or navies—or victories, however heroic, on the field of battle. America is a spirit—a spirit of good will, and cooperation, and brotherhood. It is the

spirit of freedom and fellowship as Whitman sang it and Lincoln practiced it. And here is this spirit being spoiled before our face and eyes. This is an American tragedy to match the European tragedy!

V

What to do with Germany and Japan after the war is won—that is the question! Everything else seems easy as compared with this problem. A lot of people, apparently, would like to wipe out the two countries altogether. But you cannot exterminate in cold blood a hundred-and-fifty-million men, women, and children. This is a thing that, even in this age of wholesale slaughter, cannot physically be done. The Nazis have done their darnedest to get rid of eight million Jews by every monstrous device of massacre that cruel minds can conceive and cruel hands execute. But there still remain some three million Jews who are alive. A million murders a year is apparently about the most that can be expected, and at this rate it would take a long time to wipe out Germans and Japanese. But even if we could do it as a physical proposition, we could not as a psychological proposition. Not yet, after five years of fighting, have we been reduced to the Nazi level, thank God. Exterminating our enemies is not our way of doing things! Even sterilization is a process from which we turn in revulsion and horror. No, the Germans and Japanese must be allowed to exist. But under what conditions? This brings us back to the same old question again—what are we going to do with the conquered enemies? The only answer would seem to be that, whether or no, we have got to live with them. Nothing else is either humanly or humanely possible. This being the case, our question resolves itself down to the inquiry as to what may best be done after the war to establish durable and endurable relations between ourselves and the Germans and Japanese as inhabitants together of this single planet. It is from this point of view that I insist that vengeance and violence are not going to get us anywhere. War criminals apart as constituting a problem by themselves, the use of punishment, forcibly imposed upon a conquered and therefore helpless people, can only bring trouble and not accord. Nothing can more certainly insure alienation, hatred, hostility, and in the end another war, than maltreatment of the enemy for whatsoever good and sufficient reason. We must never forget in this business that our purpose is not to feed our revenge or to indulge our outraged sensibilities, but to establish the conditions of a common life which will be decent, tolerable, and in the end mutually happy. Our task is to find and serve those mutual interests of outward advantage and inward good will, as between ourselves and the defeated peoples, which will draw us together rather than thrust us apart. The end of the war will bring a challenge to Christian statesmanship. What will be the answer to that challenge?

VI

In contrast to the above, and as evidence of what we are going to be up against in Europe in the post-war period, take a special dispatch in the New York *Times* describing a sermon preached by a French clergyman in Paris after the deliverance of that city from German arms. The clergyman in question was not identified, but this is what he said as reported directly in quotation marks:

> "There is one thing that we must not forget right now: that is, that this war is not ended. It is not enough to win a victory. We saw that in 1918. What remains to be done is to kill every German.
>
> "It often happens that, when a war has been won and victory has been assured, our minds soften. Let us pray God to have the strength and courage to go on to the end. Every bullet must kill its Boche, every bomb must find its target. There must be no distinction between soldiers and civilians in the destruction of men, women, and children. For we speak of a damned race.
>
> "Once the destruction is over, legal minds may come, if they like, to establish international organizations that will perhaps be of some use—I do not know. But, in any case, the Germans who are already dead will be unable to fight again, or to multiply. I know that, when I speak as I do, I preserve the spirit of the Bible—at least of the Bible that is read from beginning to end and not only in its soft and gentle passages, because God is as terrible toward the evil as He is kind toward the good and humble.
>
> "Let us therefore pray to God to exercise His severity against this people, to send it disasters and floods worse than anything until now; punishments more terrible than the ten plagues of Egypt. Let their towns be more completely destroyed than Jerusalem. The object is to finish for all time with those whom, mindful of certain passages in the Holy Bible, I may rightly call the damned Boche, the damned swinish Boche. So be it."

"Although it was in a church," says the reporter, "the congregation applauded." All of which is quite believable! Human nature under given conditions is much the same everywhere. The worst qualities, instead of the best, come all too easily to the top. But it is shocking to see this release of insane passion, comparable to the sadism of the Nazis themselves, taking place under the influence of religion. Are the French going to say Amen to a program of extermination of the Germans—"men, women, and children" (see above!)—as terrible as the German program of extermination against the Jews? We cannot believe it possible—until we remember the nature of war and conquest and oppression, and victory and defeat in arms—and what these invariably do to the souls of men. It is just here that war, even the noblest war (if there be such a thing!), defeats its own purposes and seals the fate of man. That the Germans will not be exterminated is certain—it cannot be done, as I have said above! But that the French will be eaten up with hatred and revenge and lust, in sheer instinctive reaction to what they have suffered, is altogether likely. From such a state of mind there can come no peace. War will flow again from 1944-45 as surely as it flowed from 1918-19. Some day we may learn that war can do nothing but destroy us. Then we may get somewhere in getting rid of war.

Jottings

Some things are just right in this world, after all. General Eisenhower's name is one—though we wish it were spelled Eisenhauer. And another is the name of the French Military Commander of Liberated Paris —General Koenig.

The religious column of *Newsweek,* sometime ago, was occupied by an article on the Faith Healing Cult which worships God by fondling rattlesnakes and drinking strychnine. If this is religion, then astrology is science, and planting on the turn of the moon is agriculture.

Rev. Ormond Burton, of New Zealand, is a pacifist now serving a two-year-and-a-half term in prison for having said, among other things, that the Atlantic Charter is "an outstanding example of evasive vagueness." On this standard of punishment, some of the things said about the Charter in this country call for a term of life imprisonment.

The President, in his Bremerton report to the nation on his Pacific trip, said that "in removing the future menace of Japan to us and to our continent, we are holding out the hope that other people in the Far East can be freed from the same threat." Fine! But why only the "menace of Japan"? Why not the "menace" of Britain to the people of India and Burma? Why should not all peoples in the East be delivered from the militaristic rule of Empires?

Required reading! Pearl Buck's article on "Our Last Chance in China" in the August issue of *Common Sense.* This article begins, "We have now solidly laid the foundations for future wars in Asia"; and ends, "The great division between England and ourselves in Asia is that we have until now wanted a strong China and a weak Japan, whereas England wants a weak China and inevitably a strong Japan. But why not be American?"

An American soldier, writing home from India (see *Zion's Herald,* September 6th), states that the boys are given "24 bottles of beer a month, plus two quarts of whiskey"—but no soft drinks are available. Why? Do whiskey bottles take less cargo space than ginger ale and Coca Cola bottles? I would like to see the present administration smashed if only for one reason—its slavish and shameless subserviency to the liquor interests!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Heart That Is Open to Sorrow

A. POWELL DAVIES

Nothing is more persistent than the feeling that pain and sorrow are unnatural, that they ought not to exist, that if we lived our lives aright and if the universe were as it should be, happiness would know no interruption, and joy and content would be the common lot. Why is it not so? The ancients said: Because of sin. That once there was a Golden Age when gods and men were always happy. Then one of the gods or some other supernatural being grew tired of happiness and tempted men to disobedience. This brought the Golden Age to a swift and dismal end; pain and sorrow entered every part of human life from birth to death and nothing was secure against them.

In the Bible, this belief is represented in the story of the Garden of Eden. The deeper meaning underlying the myth, of course, is not that evil came in that particular way but that there came a time when man began to be aware of it. He ate of "the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil"; then, unlike the animals about him, he lost his innocence and saw that good and evil stood in opposition to each other, and that pain and sorrow were a part of life. Upon the basis of this recognition, fantastic systems of theology have been erected, drawing their ghostly substance from one variation or another of the original myth. Today, we know that none of them are true. They do not explain the facts of pain and sorrow, and they do not make them easier to bear.

The early Christians thought the Golden Age would be restored. They believed that Christ would come on the clouds of heaven and make a new world in which all sorrow would be banished. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," they said, "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." It was a beautiful prophecy but it disappointed them. No Christ came on the clouds of heaven. The world remained much as it was and they often had to look at it through the tears that no one wiped from their eyes. From time to time the prophecy has been revived and the Book of Revelation, in which it appears, reinterpreted. But the result is always the same, as maturer minds have always known that it must be.

Pain and sorrow are a part of human life. That is what we must begin with. Whether according to our reasoning they ought to be or not, they *are.* And it is doubtful whether any system of doctrine has ever made the burden of them lighter. To say that sin causes sorrow merely raises another question, namely: What causes sin? If the theologian answers, the wickedness of the human heart, we must then inquire: What made it wicked? It certainly did not create the possibility of wickedness itself. It did what it could with what it found according to its own inherent nature. The asking and answering of these questions ends where Omar Khayyam said it does: you come out by the same

door that you went in—and very little, if any, the wiser. We do not need a system of doctrine to tell us that when wrong-doing decreases, there is less pain and sorrow. Or that if we will make a better world there will be more happiness in it. This we know already and the rest that the theologians tell us is too dubious to be worth bothering about.

Some of the more modern systems of doctrine try to convince us that pain is an illusion and that sorrow can be avoided by not believing in it. People whose minds do not have much force are sometimes persuaded that this is true or that it could be true, and so are people who are handicapped by a pathological emotional fastidiousness. They cannot bear the thought of pain any more than the thought of dirt. And their mentalities are not vigorous enough to force them to recognize facts which they do not like. So long as they do not have to face actual pain, the illusion is often moderately convincing. They repress what they do not want to realize and it does its damage beneath the level of consciousness—and therefore without their being aware of it. Such people are prone to enter very little into the sweat and toil of improving the lot of their fellow men. They are spiritually self-centered though they try not to think so, and they are very sensitive to criticism and nervously anxious for success. If they have first-rate vitalities, they generally outgrow this system of belief, but sometimes they become its permanent cripples.

Meanwhile, pain and sorrow continue just the same. Those who pretend the contrary may keep their eyes dry and their conversation cheerful but they cannot keep their hearts from aching when frustration or bereavement comes. For pain and sorrow are a part of life. It would be just as well to say a natural part. If joy is natural, so is pain. Both belong to nature, both are real. There is not the slightest reason for believing that one is more real than the other. We should give up thinking that pain and sorrow are unnatural. Nothing is unnatural that occurs in nature. Nothing is foreign to life that is interwoven with it.

How did traditional religion bring a solace to pain and sorrow? Chiefly in two ways, I think. First, by promising that pain and sorrow would prepare us for the compensation of a joyful afterlife; and, second, by telling us that if we prayed to God, he would soothe it all away. There is not the slightest doubt but that, if these two things are true, they are very important and make a world of difference. The trouble is, however, that the evidence is far from being conclusive. People may hope for a joyful afterlife but they seldom really depend upon it. Their unsureness often adds to the pain instead of subtracting from it. Even Jesus, in his greatest emergency, felt betrayed by what had been his earlier reliance. That cry from the cross is something that traditional Christianity has never found the courage to reckon with. The recollection that he said to the dying thief beside him, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," has always been more welcome. But that was in the hour of confidence. A little later the outlook had changed. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

It is very doubtful indeed whether a belief in an afterlife can actually lessen grief or make it easier to die: and this is so because we are always conscious of the lack of evidence. There is no way of being sure. Measured against the anguish that can tear the human heart, this belief is too indefinite, too fragile, too loosely held to count. The reality of the pain is so much greater than the reality of the belief. Possibly this was not always so, but it is today for most of us, and I, like many others who are willing to be candid, have often verified it in observation.

The early Christian martyrs, it is true, believed in an afterlife so vividly that apparently they even welcomed a cruel and untimely death. But to know this does not help us much, for the modern age has no such vigor of belief. Nor is the modern age to blame for not believing. It disbelieves because it seeks the truth. If the truth is doubtful, there is no virtue in pretense. No benefit either. There may indeed be an afterlife. Some of us believe in one. But if we are honest, we also know that we are not conclusive when we argue for it. And that in the hour of trial we shall be fortunate if we can have such faith as that of Jesus—yet Jesus thought he was forsaken.

Let it be understood that I am not discussing here whether it is reasonable or not to expect an afterlife. My own particular belief is so delicately balanced and, in the upshot, so intuitive that I could hardly communicate it. What I am saying for the moment is simply this: that when we are face to face with pain and grief, a belief in an afterlife is no longer a satisfying or sufficient source of comfort to us. And that except during certain fanatical periods of religious history, I doubt whether it ever really was. There are patterns of belief which are protective so long as nothing penetrates below the surface of the mind, but when realities are harsh enough, these patterns shatter; in a crisis they are unavailing.

The illustration that always comes to my mind when I want to make this latter fact plain is that of the philosopher, Schopenhauer, who believed that the best thing that could possibly happen would be for the entire human race to perish. He wrote an important book to prove it. If you had asked him whether he really believed it, he would have answered with no little vigor that he did. But nonetheless, when an epidemic came to Berlin where he was lecturing, he ran for his life, thus losing a magnificent opportunity of exemplifying his thesis and demonstrating in person the sincerity of his declared belief! There is something that men really live by that is much deeper and more constant than what they say they live by, and if ever we are to have a dependable faith it is upon that that we must base it.

Praying to God to soothe away pain and sorrow is just as confused a procedure as trying to depend upon an afterlife. I am not willing to say that it should never be done. There are times when men have no remaining option: they either curse or pray. What we need to revise is our expectation. The psychologists tell us that for most people, God is just a protection of the mother-image. In our infancy, the mother is our refuge, our source of comfort. Emotionally many of us do not in this respect grow up. The need for mothering remains, though it varies greatly in intensity. And so we look to God to give us the solace that our mother did. Sometimes it seems to be effective; that is to say, a grief is somewhat lessened. But sometimes it goes the other way. There are those who have borne an added pain because they linked their sorrow with the will of God—because the manner of their prayer inclined them to believe that God, who might have willed things otherwise, had sent them sorrow as a punishment; else, why had it come? For God was good. He would not wantonly afflict them. "Why has this come to me?" they ask. "What have I done?"

If that is the way that conscience speaks, if they have

truly done a wrong, then they are dealing, to that extent and in a garbled way, with realities. But often they are just sharing the common lot. Sorrow or frustration can come to anyone. It is not inflicted. And it cannot be made to disappear, no matter how much praying is done. It is a pity that we use the word "stricken" to describe some one to whom sorrow has come. No one has struck him. It is just that in the path of pilgrimage he has encountered what can always happen.

I believe sincerely—and not only believe but know—that when a sorrow comes, communion with life's inner mystery, the presence of God, is a deeply consoling and strengthening experience. But I think we need to rescue our expectation of it from beliefs which are immature. This kind of communion will not make a grief less rugged or turn a sorrow swiftly into consolation. It is not always soothing. It can release the pent-up heart but it cannot empty it of pain. To put what can happen into a word, it is this: the pain is accepted, the heart becomes willing for it, the whole life is opened to it. Because of this, the pain becomes part of what lies at the heart of reality—a living part of all the pain, all the sorrow that ever was, and so it is somehow released from its loneliness—mingled and shared.

That is what happened, as tangible experience, when Jesus agonized in the Garden of Gethsemane. It is a pity that the words he used have become so homiletically hackneyed. If we could restore them to their natural meaning as a simple outpouring from a great soul slowly mastering its torment, we should gain an insight into such experiences. "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." There is no pretense in this, no moral posing. "If it be possible, let it pass." Let it be unnecessary to drink it, this cup of bitter anguish. "But nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." If it must be so, the pain will be accepted, the cup will be drained. Because Jesus could say that, he could also look into the mystery of the universe and call it "Father," a word said much too easily by lesser men.

And yet, we must not fail to note that when the crisis of his agony was on him, Jesus felt again the darkness of his doubt. He thought he was forsaken. No one passing through the pain of loss or the anguish of severe bereavement should expect exemption from the sense of utter desolation. The valley of the shadow is very dark. Let the heart cry out in its natural language. Let pain find its own words. Let bitterness proclaim itself. And when comfort comes, let the heart be still. At such a time, there is nothing to lose from the fullness of recognition, the ever-deepening realization. Let the heart be always open. Then there is room for courage to stretch its clasp around the burden of the grief, which, little by little, is lifted up, and when the darkness passes, a new and lovely calmness has been added to the soul's essential beauty.

Is there any benefit that comes through pain and sorrow—beyond the obvious one that pain produced by evil goads us to the making of a better world? It is true that just as physical pain is the body's warning, so is the mind's grief at times the messenger of inescapable requirements in the wider world of human need. Neither body nor mind could do without the power to feel pain. Moreover, it is, in life as we discover it, the necessary counterpart of the power to feel happiness.

But sometimes we think that life as we discover it is far from being what it might have been—if there is true beneficence behind it. Surely, we think, it ought to have been possible to do with much less pain. But here we enter upon a kind of thought that has less basis than we think. To be sure that life with less capacity for pain would be a better life, we would have to be able to imagine it completely—and that we are far from capable of doing. The accuracy, if not the range of our imagination, is restricted by the way our minds are moulded and by the kind of life we actually experience. When we imagine a life with less capacity for pain, we do not know how many factors we leave out because we are unable to project them—or what the consequence of this deficiency might be. No philosophy can base substantial judgments upon wishful notions that can never be the data of experience. What we do not know, we simply do not know.

Only our insight into life as we have found it helps us here. But I think it has a lot to teach us if we are willing to be patient while we learn. Would a humanity without capacity for pain—or limited to much less pain—have in it the possibility of greatness? Would it really share the love and labor of creation? Even if the pain of doubt, the pain of not knowing, the pain of unanswered questions were taken away, would we not shrink in stature? If we knew as absolute fact that in the end all loss is compensated, that life is immortal, that everything is always for the best—if we knew as absolute fact such things as these, would we be better or worse, greater or less for knowing them? Our knowledge would be more. Yes, but would our moral stature be? Would we have the same chance, the same need, to grow a soul? If everything were certain and assured, there would be no adventure, no virtue for its own sake, no courage mightier than circumstance, no stretching of the heart, no deepening of the spirit—nothing that we know as spiritual.

It is interesting that both Keats and Tennyson say that wisdom grows from sorrow. "Sorrow *is* wisdom," says Keats in a letter to a friend. "Sorrow makes us wise," says Tennyson in "In Memoriam." No one who accepts the testimony that life itself—intensely lived—abundantly provides, can possibly find cause to doubt it. Sorrow does deepen understanding into wisdom. We must not think of wisdom merely as the passive siftings of experience. Wisdom is creative comprehension—knowledge that breathes and lives and shapes the soul. Without what sorrow brings, the mind has breadth and height but no great depth. Think over the greatest passages in the Bible. They came from minds tempered and deepened by pain. The same is true of all great literature—or at any rate of the greatest.

But sorrow brings other things besides wisdom. It brings beauty—not superficial or romantic beauty, but beauty such as that we see in the face of Abraham Lincoln. Something that awakens in us a whole new world of wonder—wonder mingled with so sharp a sympathy that we can feel the throbbing of it in our throats and, though we cannot tell the reason, we want to cry. No matter how long we look at this beauty, we cannot exhaust it. Nor can we describe it. It draws to itself all that is best and worthiest in us and makes a claim upon us that is irresistible. Surely here we come close to life's finalities, to the inner mystery of being—close to God. It is out of moments when this happens to us that faith sends roots into the darkness around about us and, from the strength it draws, we know not how nor whence, grows strong. Faith that is native to the soul, not faith that must be argued for. Something that tells us we can trust ourselves to what is hidden from us and that when we do so, life is surer, warmer, fuller. And we believe.

But there is still a little more that comes from sorrow —perhaps the little that in the end is most. Samuel Johnson once wrote this: "There is something in [sorrow] so like virtue that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will by me at least be thought worthy of esteem." One hardly knows how to comment on that. It touches so precisely the thing-in-itself. The person untouched by sorrow cannot be loved—except as a child is loved. He is emotionally immature. The full stretch of his humanity has not been reached. His soul is not yet awake. There is no comprehension in him, no depth of sympathy, no compassion. Those whom sorrow has not touched, those who have seldom known frustration, those who are untouched by pain cannot be loved. We cannot give them our whole hearts. Why? Because love must always seek its own likeness, because they, themselves, cannot altogether love.

Is it love, then, that sorrow sets free? Just as it is love that makes us targets for the shafts of sorrow, love that gives hostages to pain? Both things are true. But the love that pain has liberated is a greater love. Only a lesser love can grow through joy alone, a love that fears and clings. The greater love is the love that is unafraid, the love that is bare to the universe, the love that sets itself no bounds, the love that is stronger than death. When it was said that God is love, this is the love that was meant. And this is the love that in the end will make man in the image of God—through the heart that is open to sorrow.

Norwegian Student Resistance

KURT SINGER

The Nazis themselves have testified that for nearly four years the Norwegian students and professors have fought a bitter fight for intellectual freedom, as evidenced by the following statement, taken from *Fritt Folk,* Vidkun Quisling's own newspaper, (January 3, 1944):

> Who can say that he knows one single student in Norway who has not distributed illegal newspapers or taken part in one way or another in underground activities against the German authorities and Vidkun Quisling's Government? Not one!

This startling tribute to the courageous Norwegian students was paid in all the Nazi-controlled newspapers of occupied Norway.

On September 25, 1940, a "Quisling Cabinet" was appointed by Josef Terboven, the Nazi Governor of Norway. The very same day he made a speech and told the Norwegian people that King Haakon had been dethroned and the Government deposed.

A few days later, the students of the Oslo University took part in a large meeting. Eight hundred students attended the meeting and as many students were unable to find room in the Assembly Hall. The principal speech was delivered by Dr. Johan Scharffenberg, a prominent doctor and political journalist. The speaker declared that King Haakon was the expression of the will of the Norwegian people to regain their liberty and independence. At the end of the meeting a vote was taken. All eight hundred students rose solemnly in confirmation of a joint declaration that, whatever might happen, they would stand firm in complete unity.

Three days after this meeting a uniformed Hirdman —this is a Quisling stormtrooper—provoked a riot outside Oslo University. The incident had obviously been organized by the Hirdmen in advance, and as soon as the first Hirdman had been put in his place by the students a large number of his colleagues arrived in trucks. They were armed with batons, and a bitter street fight ensued.

The next day, Dr. Johan Scharffenberg, who had lectured to the students and who was over seventy years of age, was arrested and taken to Gestapo Headquarters, together with the President of the Student's Association, John Sanness. They were held in prison for seven weeks. These were amongst the first political arrests to be made in occupied Norway.

In the days that followed, anti-Quisling and anti-German demonstrations took place in schools, high schools, and colleges throughout the country. Many students, lecturers, and academics were arrested. Threats were made on October 7, 1940, to close the University of Oslo and all high schools, but the threat was not carried out. Instead, on October 11th the Norwegian Student's Association was dissolved and its funds confiscated by the Nazis. The fact that the Nazis did not even attempt to nazify or re-establish the Student's Association on their own lines is in itself a significant admission of their lack of support amongst the students. During the winter of 1940-41 the Nazis made many attempts to nazify the Norwegian Universities and the Colleges of university rank. They tried, amongst other things, to appoint new Quisling examiners. But they failed in this as they did in most of their attempts, owing to the firm stand put up by Professor Didrik Seip, the Dean of the University of Oslo.

In October, 1941, however, three Nazi professors were appointed to the Oslo University. It was a futile gesture. No one ever listened to their lectures and eventually they ceased lecturing altogether.

During the general terror of the State of Emergency in September, 1941, the Quislings found an opportunity of taking revenge on Dean Seip, who had been such a stumbling block in their efforts to nazify the Oslo University. Professor Seip, fifty-nine years old, was arrested and sent to the notorious Grini concentration camp. He received the most brutal treatment, and among other things spent four weeks in solitary confinement in a dark cell. He was transferred to a concentration camp in Germany in April, 1942.

In his place the Quisling Secretary of Church and Education, a member of Quisling's Cabinet, Ragner Skancke was in effect appointed President of the Olso University but Adolf Hoel, a Nazi expert on the Arctic and a lecturer at the University, became Acting Principal. Three of the University professors and eighty students were arrested at that time.

Adolf Hoel's first act was to dismiss Karl Kramer, the President of the Student's Joint Committee, which represents the various Faculty Committees.

At this time it was also hinted that all the students

would be enrolled as members of Quisling's own party, the *"Nasjonal Samling,"* but the plan was abandoned owing to the strong resistance it encountered.

In the summer of 1942, the Nazis made their first attempts to admit students of their own creed to the University and the Colleges, in preference to loyal Norwegians. Under this plan the Nazis did not have to possess the necessary academic qualifications as long as their party membership cards were in order.

The campaign began in July simultaneously with the dismissal of the Head of the Dental College and the appointment of a Quisling in his place. The Dental College was informed that the regulations of the Colleges and the Medical and Pharmaceutical Faculties of the University of Oslo had been altered. Under the new regulation the dominating factor in the appointment of teachers and the selection of students would be not their scholastic qualifications but their political outlook—a very serious matter in the case of medical students.

The professors and teachers made a sharp protest to the authorities, but received no reply. Instead, further changes were made known, under which 25 per cent of new students were to be selected by the Ministry of Education and not by the Colleges. The bona fides of existing students were also to be scrutinized.

When the time came for the Nazis actually to put these regulations into operation, the University and College professors and teachers throughout the country threatened to resign, and the authorities had to abandon their plans, at least for the time being.

It was by no means only the University of Oslo which figured in this struggle. The Germans met equally stubborn resistance throughout all the Norwegian Colleges and technical institutions. The Norwegian "Pratt Institute" in Trondheim has played a prominent part. The resistance movement here had been so forceful that the Gestapo made a raid on the school in October, 1942, and opened fire on the students, following alleged sabotage and the blowing up of a troopship in the harbor. The students resisted and a number of them were injured. One of the professors of the school was also injured during this incident. Many students were arrested.

Two months later, a whole class—about thirty students—was arrested, apparently because one student for whom the Gestapo had been searching had made his escape from the country.

When in the spring of 1943, universal slave labor conscription was introduced in Norway, the students too had to register at the Labor Exchanges. The Oslo students were summoned to a meeting at the University and the previously mentioned Karl Kramer explained that the students' organizations would make arrangements whereby the students would do compulsory labor only during the summer vacation, and then only by cutting wood to meet the University fuel requirements.

A new and more serious crisis began to develop at the University of Oslo in September, 1943. It was provoked by a fresh Nazi attempt to throw open the gates of the University and the Colleges to unqualified Quisling students. A decree was also intended to make possible the entry of Quisling "volunteers" as a reward for their services on the Eastern Front as members of the "Norwegian Legion."

All the members of the University Faculties, with the exception of one Nazi, unanimously supported a protest which was made to the Nazi authorities, and the professors and lecturers declared that they would not be able to continue their work under such conditions.

As a result, the Quisling authorities had to climb down to some extent, and the Secretary of Education summoned all the professors representing the Faculties to a conference and assured them that it was in their own interests that the University should not be closed. He promised that the new regulations would not be put into operation for the time being.

Three weeks later, in October, 1943, the Quisling police suddenly made a swoop on the Oslo University and arrested eight professors, who were suspected of leading the resistance movement, and also some two hundred students; some of the students were transferred to Grini concentration camp. Once more protests were made by practically all the students. Individual letters of protest were sent by 2,200 of them to the Ministry of Education demanding that those who had been arrested should be released and requesting a guaranty that such incidents would not be repeated.

Faced with protests from all quarters, the Nazis put out a report that those who had been arrested were about to be released, whereas in reality the very opposite was the truth. The Nazis had in fact decided that those who had been arrested were to be detained for at least six months, as they had refused to sign a declaration of loyalty to the Quisling Party.

For a week nothing happened—and then the German Gestapo took a hand. On a Sunday morning—it was November 28, 1943—a serious fire broke out in the Assembly Hall of the Oslo University. A great campaign was immediately whipped up against the students by the Nazis, accusing the students of vandalism and sabotage.

All of the circumstances indicate, however, that the Germans set the University on fire themselves in order to create a crisis and furnish a pretext for more drastic action in view of their previous failures to suppress this important section of the Home Front. Contrary to the normal reaction to acts of sabotage, the Nazis immediately published a highly detailed account of how the fire had broken out—details which they would hardly have known, at least so soon, if they had not been party to the incident. The fire was denounced by the Nazis as a "Communist outrage." But the similarity with the "Reichstag Fire" technique is obvious.

Two days later followed the mass arrest of all students on whom the Gestapo could lay hands. From ten o'clock in the morning to two o'clock in the afternoon of November 30, 1943, the streets of Oslo were in a state of alarm as German Gestapo men and soldiers rushed through the streets in police cars, trucks, taxis, and motor cycles, rounding up students and professors. The main University buildings, the University Library, the National Hospital, the Student House, the Laboratories, the new Natural Science Department at Blindern, various libraries and museums, the Veterinary College and the Dental College in Oslo were surrounded by Nazi troops and police. All students present were taken in trucks to the main University buildings. Others were arrested in their homes.

Altogether more than two thousand students, a large number of professors, and some of the staff, as well as demonstrators amongst the general public, were arrested within those four hours.

The students and professors were assembled in the

main building of the Oslo University, where the Chief of the German Police and of the SS Elite Guards in Norway, General Rediess, made a violent speech accusing them of forming a center of resistance. He told them that they would be deported to a special camp in Germany, adding that the authorities had been lenient in deciding to send them to a special camp and not to a concentration camp.

Eight hundred women students were released and told to return home immediately and report to the local police. They were ordered not to leave their homes without permission from the police.

The Gestapo hunt for students and professors continued throughout the week and was also extended throughout the whole country. Students who were helping farmers on the land or working in forestry were also being rounded up. Even students who had graduated as long ago as 1941 were being arrested.

When it became known that the University students were to be deported to concentration camps in Nazi-Germany, church groups reached a decision to try to have a pastor accompany the deportees and to live with them in imprisonment abroad. Immediately four young pastors volunteered for the assignment and the Reverend Einar Glöbersen, Secretary-General of the Christian Student Association, was selected.

However, permission to carry out the plan first had to be obtained from the Nazis. Repeated requests were made but not a single one of them elicited a response. The church leaders, according to an underground report from Norway to the Royal Norwegian Government in London, "have been unable to regard this silence as anything other than new evidence that the German overlords do not entertain the least respect or concern for the values of the soul."

The message continues:

> It now remains for the Church to follow the only course left open to it, perilous though it be. It has sent out an appeal to all Christians to participate in prayer for the Norwegian student youth who for an indefinite period must slave on foreign soil in Nazi camps.

The Nazis, declaring that the University of Oslo had been a hotbed for anti-Nazi activity, have now strictly forbidden all prayers for Norwegian students who are held prisoners by the Nazis.

A large number of students fled the country; many who have gone to neutral Sweden are continuing their studies there; those who have been so fortunate as to reach Great Britain have joined the Norwegian Forces in England and Canada. Six students are known to have been executed for trying to escape from Norway in small fishing vessels but hundreds are today proud pilots in the Norwegian Air Force waiting for the coming invasion of the North.

Lola Maverick Lloyd

TRACY D. MYGATT

Whenever now I think of Lola Maverick Lloyd, that unflinching fighter for man's freedom, recently passed from us, it is as a voyager with eyes on the pilot star which to her farseeing spirit was Peace.

In her quest, literally and figuratively she sailed the ocean many times. And if it was a mine-strewn ocean, as in that gallant adventure on the famous Ford *Peace Ship* in December of 1916, she counted it all in the day's work, as heedless of physical peril as of the gibes of her fellow countrymen, intent only on her mission of mediation.

In 1914, the world's call to arms challenged her to a different battlefield, to a combat zone of ever-widening scope until at the last, in the Campaign for World Government, it embraced the truly cosmic goal of a whole new world order, in which strife and anarchy and competition were to be replaced by peace and world government and brotherhood to serve the wide-flung human family.

We who sometimes curse the South for its reactionism may gratefully remember that this woman was born there, in a Texas village, in 1875, of the pioneering Maverick clan. After her graduation from Smith College, and a brief teaching there of mathematics, in 1902 she married William Bross Lloyd of Chicago. They had four children, every one of whom she succeeded in marking with her own zeal — no small achievement for a reformer-mother, and one that speaks loudly for that determination of character, always tempered with humor and sweetness, which was so outstanding a part of her generous, lovable personality. Dickens should have known Lola Lloyd to learn that a reformer can be human! It is significant that the son of this Socialist and member of the War Resisters League, William B. Lloyd, Jr., after being for some years the director of the Campaign for World Government, is now in a forestry fire-fighting Civilian Public Service Camp for Conscientious Objectors. And that her youngest daughter, Georgia Lloyd, is the author, in collaboration with Edith Wynner, of an impressive volume, *Searchlight on Peace Plans.*

Keenly aware from the first that Europe's fire, if not quenched, would kindle America as well, and inspired by the brilliant Hungarian pacifist, Rosika Schwimmer, who was to be her lifelong friend and coworker, in 1915 Mrs. Lloyd became a founder of the Women's Peace Party. About this time, too, Jane Addams, proud to call herself a pacifist, stepped into her life. And presently Lola Lloyd was voyaging to the Scandinavian countries, interesting Mme. Schwimmer's circle in the coming Peace Congress. From Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, these women were gathered up to meet Jane Addams and her boatload of American associates who had gone to Holland for the successful Congress of Women at the Hague in the spring of 1915. After visiting the neutral countries, Mrs. Lloyd went home to work steadily for the calling of a governmental conference of neutral nations—how often was the pattern to be repeated in her life!—to propose mediation and world organization.

Though she always saw the need in large official world terms, she was too wise a woman to despise the day of small things. So when Wilson turned down the proposed Neutral Conference, with Mme. Schwimmer Mrs. Lloyd set to work on Henry Ford for an unofficial conference. Mr. Ford put up the money for the *Peace Ship,* and though internal dissension destroyed the Stockholm Conference, the courageous attempt at me-

diation brought wide publicity to the peace cause.

Always a hater of militarism and war wherever they reared their heads, it was inevitable that this intrepid woman who labored undismayed by storm and obloquy and scorn to bring her ship to port, should have been among the stubborn group in Washington who brought pressure upon Congress in April of 1917, opposing to the very last her country's entry into war.

Here, as in her preceding efforts at mediation in World War I, and later in the Spanish Civil War and in World War II, she worked never as gullible fool, nor as super-optimist. She knew as well as any the strength of the forces arrayed against her cause. But she held the long-range view, believing that no honest effort—even if for the moment it appeared futile—would be lost in achieving her ultimate goal of world government, which to her mind meant the realization of mankind's great vision of a warless world. It was for this reason—never because she did not loathe the whole totalitarian concept and the philosophy of armed force that preceded it—that she gave all possible aid to strengthening the peace forces. Thus in 1917 she joined the People's Council. Presently it was silenced. Wilson went to Paris, his dream of a good peace to be betrayed by the sinister forces of reaction. With the popular support for his cause which she had tried so hard to win, the history of a generation ago might have been far different. Hitler himself would almost certainly never have come to power; World War II might readily have been averted. It is significant that at the outset of Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia, she worked to have him confined for international psychiatric examination, and had advocated economic sanctions against Italy.

Always a feminist, from 1914 on until the winning of woman suffrage in 1920, Mrs. Lloyd had worked with Alice Paul as a valued member of the National Woman's Party. She wanted "Votes for Women" as a piece of abstract human justice, but even more because she believed so firmly that women had a special contribution to make for peace which they could never achieve without taking their full part in the political arena. Even with her growing doubt of the League of Nations, she worked for years as chairman of the Women's Consultative Committee of the League, which labored in the international field for women's complete legal equality with men.

A highlight was her founding, in 1918, with Jane Addams, Rosika Schwimmer, and others, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. For many years she worked with this organization which has done much for the awakening of women to their duty in our war-torn world, valiantly striving as chairman of the Committee on World Government, to make the "peace" between wars a real peace rather than a truce. She assisted with the spirited "Pax Special" train, and in 1931 she aided with the famous "Caravan" of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, which helped gather in two million petitions for disarmament. These she took to President Hoover, and presently to the League of Nations in Geneva.

Through it all, a pioneer in what we now call postwar planning, she labored for the ideal federation of nations. So, in collaboration with Mme. Schwimmer, she wrote the arresting brochure *Chaos, War, or A New World Order*. And with this as a basis, she and her colleague proceeded to the organization, in 1937, of the Campaign for World Government, her consuming interest for the final seven years.

Here, as international chairman, she toiled untiringly for that new structure of the supra-national state which both women believed should be federal in structure, its membership open to all, democratic and non-military. She detested the concept of the "international police"—that siren phrase for an international army!—for, like our Founding Fathers before her, she believed that the guilty *individual* rather than the *member state* should be punished or coerced. Faithful to her ideals until the end, on her very deathbed she wrote a leaflet setting forth the principles for which Alexander Hamilton and the other Federalists successfully contended in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. For she felt that our own early American pattern, accepted by our thirteen suspicious little states, offered a trusty example for the new world to be born. World anarchy must be replaced by world law. And like Mortimer Adler in his challenging book, *How to Think About War and Peace,* she knew that mere "international law," sanctioning as it does today unlimited national sovereignty, could never achieve true peace.

As proximate means to her ultimate end—the warless supra-national state—she held vital the making of an early and a generous peace on the basis of world government.

In that busy life of hers, Lola Lloyd wrote no books. But in the trenchant pages of her excellent pamphlet, *Common Questions About the Future United States of the World,* the steps we need to take and the reasons for those steps become so clear that he who runs may read. She did not live to bring her ship to port. Many lives may pass before the good harbor is won. But if those who struggle to reach the haven labor half so faithfully as did she through the raging of the tempest, turning ever deaf ears to the clamor of the cynical voices crying that there is no harbor, that men must forever fight and suffer and die, they, too, will have played an honorable part in faith's great adventure.

Her courageous life, to which scant justice can be done in so short a chronicle as this, may well serve as inspiration for us co-voyagers on the stormy sea. And we shall do well to remember, as we press on to the ultimate goal for the children of men, that, as she showed so gallantly, "faith is not the weighing of an anchor, but the raising of a sail."

Lola Maverick Lloyd: In Memoriam

O gallant fighter for the warless world!
Soldier of Peace who saw all men as one!
Steadfast you toiled, though giant bolts were hurled,
Your only aim the good straight race to run.
Never for you the easy ways of peace,
The silken dalliance, sweet breezes, soft,
Austere, you labored for the great release,—
All nations one—the flag you held aloft!
So, in the anguished vigils of their strife,
I think the lads who die in alien lands
Would bless you for your clear unswerving life,
Would bid us take the torch from your dear hands!
Thus shall your dream come true! Thus shall there be
In realized Peace, your immortality!

TRACY D. MYGATT.

Concerning Religious Humanism

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

The question of Humanism is one which rouses very mixed feelings in religious circles. Frequently, it is identified with a dogmatic agnosticism which refuses to accept the possibility of reaching any form of certainty with regard to the deepest problems of the universe. Yet, there is absolutely no valid historical reason of any kind why Humanism should be regarded as a disguised secularism. The view that the search by the individual human soul for truth, beauty, and goodness as constant and abiding values forms the core of religious faith is at least as old as Plato and has Goethe among its protagonists. In the Christian tradition, it possesses an ancestry which is quite as impressive as is that now summed up in the apocalyptic explosions of Karl Barth. To Clement of Alexandria and Origen, the search for God was consummated in the mystical contemplation of the Pure Being who forms the heart of the universal order. The upheavals in thought of the Sixteenth Century reflected in Colet and Erasmus were a recovery of the Greek tradition; the succeeding years saw the discovery of modern philosophy which was inspired by the Hellenism of the Renaissance. It is not without interest that Christian valuations of life and existence suffered no sort of violation by their release from the medieval framework; as Dean Inge has emphasized repeatedly, Christianity, when it seeks to intellectualize itself, is forced to return to "its old loving nurse, the Platonic philosophy." In short, a developed Christian faith is compelled to return to man and to rationalize itself in terms of his emotions, experiences, and reactions to the whole universal order.

In the modern world, a vast change has come over one form of religious thinking. The earlier Renaissance was based upon literature, save that it was colored by Copernicus. The religious revolution which commenced a century ago and is still in full flow is based upon the impact of science as it has been developed by the post-Darwinians. The demand that religious thinking should be filtered through human reason, though anathema to the Barthians, is a reassertion that the scientific method of comparison and experiment should prevail in the formulation of theological belief. Orthodoxy is charged with violating this demand by refusing to recognize the limitations implied in an assertion of finality and by seeking to utilize as binding definitions formed at some pre-scientific era of thought. In short, it has been proved conclusively that religious beliefs change from age to age and that the change is dictated by the growth of human knowledge or, as in the case of belief in eternal punishment, by growth in moral perception. The Humanist is standing upon solid ground when he urges that, whatever beliefs are set forth concerning life, the universe, history, they must be rational and in accord with the contemporary level of factual knowledge. Religious belief, if it is to command an intellectual validity, can never outrun human perception and discovery. There must be a solid foundation of rationalism and a full acceptance of the old adage that probability is the guide to life.

But, for the religious Humanist, the matter cannot be allowed to rest here. Whilst it be true that religious beliefs are the subjects of constant change, it is also true that the quality of faith remains constant throughout the ages. The Humanist is not in agreement with those views of faith which would make it to be the intellectual acceptance of a supernatural revelation—one of the aspects of faith to be found in the New Testament—simply because he does not believe that a revelation of this kind has ever occurred. But, if he casts aside a long tradition, it is in order to accept an alternative view of the meaning of faith which appears in the Alexandrine Fathers and in Erasmus. It is that of the Epistle to the Hebrews and of any view which sees faith as the development, through concrete instances, of the highest reason. As it has been recently defined by Dr. G. G. Coulton in *Fourscore Years:*

> Faith . . . is really the operation of the man's inmost Self, calculating itself in relation to the whole Not-Self (God and the Universe) in so far as our self can realize them. . . . We can live, as Dante did, in the conviction of an immeasurably great Not-Self, whose will is our peace.

In the remarkably fine passage dealing with the subject, the Cambridge historian has put his finger on the spot of much religious controversy between the assertion that the center of religious consciousness lies in a Divine activity and that which commences from the human end. The modern Humanist is developing the latter proposition, alien to much Jewish thought but with the whole Hellenic background behind it. The constant quality of religious faith, regarded from this viewpoint, consists in the reaching forth of the individual to that Soul of the world which, whilst entering into his own experience, yet lies beyond the borders of time and space. His ethics are the concrete applications of this attitude within given situations.

The most serious and frequent charge against a religious Humanism consists in its vagueness. Its theism, for example, may be real enough and yet may hesitate to make use of any of the traditional definitions of the Godhead. Yet, there is, after all, something to be said for vagueness in such matters. As Philip Wicksteed stressed, there is a proper recognition of the fact that no finite mind can comprehend the nature of the Infinite and the Eternal. Concrete language belongs to the sphere of the mythology of belief and not to the dynamic of faith. The Humanist is religious to the extent that he denies that the whole meaning of man is bounded and confined within this circle of earth and to the extent to which he is willing to concede, as is half-conceded by Bernard Shaw, that the Stream of Life has a vital purpose within which human attitudes of faith may be operative. As a final criterion, questions of vagueness in definition simply do not arise.

The recent flights from reason, seen in Barth and elsewhere nearer home, are all to some degree reactions against a religious view of Humanism. But their persistence cannot mean, as is often asserted, that the view here outlined has failed; rather, it is no more than the recrudescence of an alternative tradition due to social and economic as much as to theological causes. It is useless for Unitarianism to become "militant" unless it can make up its mind upon this fundamental issue and decide where it stands. Martineau's great contribution was to lift its tradition out

of a narrow Biblicism and a crude variation upon orthodoxy and to make it a child of the Romantic revival thus connecting the Unitarian heritage with the Hellenism of the Renaissance, a task in which he had the concurrence of J. J. Tayler and the able assistance of W. E. Channing. Since those days, there has been much variation of belief due to scientific development, as in sociology; the mutability is a sharp reminder that no living movement can survive by quoting great names from the past and by clinging to the posts to which they clung! Unitarianism can only have a place in the sun if it seeks to relate the Hellenist tradition of Humanism to an abiding sense of the reactions of the Self to the Not-Self, for it probably stands alone in possessing a field favorable to the blending of a scientific Humanism with unchanging religious valuations. In this sense, its future lies with Humanism of an ethical type, rich in content and possessing a constant sense of the validity of religious experience. It would then be in a position especially favorable to "militancy," for, lacking the many improbabilities which science discovers in Barthian forms of belief, it would regard the spirit of man as the revelation of the Spirit of God and in this regard would possess the dynamic which, emerging not only in the Christian Church but in every great world faith, has attained a vital and positive place for human potentiality within its general attitude and scope.

The Study Table

A Gallant Figure

WILLIAM PENN. *By William Wistar Comfort. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 185 pp. $2.00.*

In anticipation of the tercentenary celebration of the birth of William Penn on October 14th next, the President Emeritus of Haverford College has written this brief but comprehensive study of the life of the great Quaker leader. Born in 1644, Penn "was destined to live under Charles I, the Commonwealth and Protectorate of Cromwell, Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George I." This was a terrific period of history of which not the least stormiest episode was that of Quakerism. Penn was in the midst of it all, along with George Fox, Robert Barclay, Thomas Loe, and others. He was unique in being a man of distinguished birth, wealthy, influential, with easy access to the court, a friend of the Duke of York who later became James II. But he was as brave and uncompromising as the others, and suffered as uncomplainingly for his faith. He was a gallant as well as eminent figure.

Doctor Comfort opens his book with a 67-page chapter in which he tells the story of William Penn's life. This is followed by separate chapters on Penn as the defender of Quakerism, the apostle of toleration, "the founder and his government" in Pennsylvania, the man of letters, and a concluding estimate of character and achievement. This arrangement of material shows the many-sidedness of Penn, and his unusual distinction not only in the Quaker world but in the larger world of his time. "He was not a great philosopher, or saint, or the most perfect exemplar of pure Quakerism," writes Doctor Comfort. He had many failings—"was not always ethically consistent." But he was one of the great men of history, and a valiant champion of certain of the most important human causes. His Pennsylvania experiment is an epic in itself.

Penn's labors for Quakerism were unceasing. He was an exceptionally voluminous and effective writer, and therefore an outstanding apologist for his faith throughout the long period of his life. Even when he was in prison his tireless pen was busy. Doctor Comfort calls this "the least known and perhaps the least attractive of his activities," but it consumed an enormous part of his energy.

As a champion of toleration, of course, Penn ranks with John Locke, Voltaire, Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine. In no other particular can he be classed with these men, but in this great service on behalf of truth and freedom, he shares with them the enormous debt still owed by humanity. Doctor Comfort calls him in this cause an "apostle," and this is a sound classification, for Penn served the cause by what he suffered in many far-flung places as well as by what he said and did. His trial over the Gracechurch Street affair is one of the great chapters in the history of human liberty.

The Pennsylvania story, the founding and governing of the colony on Quaker principles of non-violence, is a glorious episode in our American history, and an indispensable witness to the practicability of pacifism. To the challenge that pacifism will not work in society, here is the unanswerable answer.

Doctor Comfort's book is simple, unpretentious, and wholly admirable. It should have a wide reading in this tercentenary year.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Great House of Macmillan

AIDS TO WORSHIP. By Albert W. Palmer. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 139 pp. $2.00.*

PEOPLE, CHURCH AND STATE IN MODERN RUSSIA. By Paul B. Anderson. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 240 pp. $2.50.*

FREDERICK BOHN FISHER, WORLD CITIZEN. By Welthy Honsinger Fisher. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 257 pp. $2.50.*

DREAMS COME TRUE. By Charles R. Brown. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 115 pp. $1.50.*

BEHOLD THY MOTHER. By G. Bromley Oxnam. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 42 pp. $1.25.*

THE RADIANT LIFE. By Rufus M. Jones. *New York: The Macmillan Co. 154 pp. $2.00.*

The story of the House of Macmillan has recently been written. This great publishing house is a century old, and it has been one of the most vital cultural factors in the making of both British and American culture. The story of Macmillan books is a sort of history of English and American literature. But what this great

concern has done is in the past; today as never before we are concerned with the building of a new and better world. Such a world cannot be built without books. To this great publishing concern we shall continue to look for the best. The present reviewer has selected six outstanding books by the House of Macmillan as the best of recent books dealing with the intellectual and spiritual needs of the modern time.

Aids to Worship, by President Palmer of the Chicago Theological Seminary, justly heads this list. No civilization can be great without cultivating the spiritual life. This book tells how it can be done, and tells it in clear and concise terms. This book also meets a particular need. It is so put together that it may be used for public worship in churches, for young people's conferences and other meetings, as well as for services in colleges. It can also be used for personal or family devotions. Worship is one of the greatest of the arts, and President Palmer is a worthy and capable teacher of this great art.

Perhaps the most important factor in making the coming peace will be the Russian people. That great people is grotesquely misrepresented and misunderstood in America. This is a great pity, since our destiny has now been inseparably linked to that of Russia. One great source of misrepresentation of Russia is the attitude of the Soviet government to religion. It has become almost a mania with certain intolerant Americans. Paul Anderson's book should, for this reason, be made compulsory reading. His purpose in writing *People, Church and State in Modern Russia* is to put the problem of religion in modern Russia into its correct historical setting. He thus proceeds to develop the Soviet philosophy in relation to organized religion. Anyone with a desire to understand cannot do better than purchase this book and make it a companion.

Right here is the place for the biography of Bishop Fisher written by his accomplished and literary wife. Bishop Fisher was a pioneer in his attempt to understand the world in which we live. As world traveler, missionary, and observer of men, he was in some aspects unsurpassed in the last generation. He was an intimate friend of both Gandhi and Tagore. The latter honored him by presenting him with an unpublished poem in manuscript which is published for the first time in the biography. For a study of American participation in world affairs, this book should be read by every voter before the fall elections. Bishop Fisher was a native of Indiana and the story goes back to the Spanish-American War when America began a new way of life. All the struggle of isolationism is here in a concrete, vivid story.

Dean Brown's *Dreams Come True* is in a sense autobiographical. He believes vision is necessary and in these charming papers draws on his own interesting experiences to prove his thesis.

Bishop Oxnam's *Behold Thy Mother* is a series of meditations forming a tribute to motherhood. The theory underlying the book is that all great mothers are the creation of their sons and daughters. However great a woman may be she is not great if her child is a failure. Schopenhauer advanced this idea a century ago. Bishop Oxnam without mentioning the pessimistic philosopher develops the theory largely around the person of Jesus.

Rufus Jones everybody knows is a grand person. He is a theologian, philosopher, and friend to all mankind. His Quaker background is never forgotten, nor should it be. A discerning small boy recently remarked that if Hitler had been a Quaker we would now have a decent world. He was quite right. Rufus Jones will have a permanent place in world thought. The present book is a continuation of his constructive interpretation of life which he began in his previous book, *New Eyes for Invisibles.* It is a realistic attempt to face the problems of today. Everybody, regardless of his previous education or condition, will be helped by reading this book.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

Soul Bridges

AS THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. *By Joseph Hoffman. St. Louis, Mo.: The Span, 1923 Bremen Avenue. Cloth Bound, $1.50. Heavy Paper Cover, 75 cents.*

These poems are a triple challenge, trumpeting their message so forcefully that the Jericho walls of man's isolation quiver before such poetic intensity. They challenge our so-called *civilization,* in which science has been prostituted to the bestial aims of wholesale destruction. They challenge the *forces* of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition: the Three Horsemen riding on the steeds of chaos. They challenge *man* himself, man, who is still a lonely outpost, sufficient unto himself, who has not yet perceived the meaning of life's greatest law, the law of unity.

Joseph Hoffman is well qualified to be the spokesman for the downtrodden, as he has lived among them and suffered with them. His heart is wrung at the pitiful yearning of

> "A child licking at its tears
> Before a market window."

Or at the sight of

> "A black body hung from a tree
> Casting its shadow on a race."

Powerful lines, these, powerful and poignant! Whitman sang the song of humanity in long, flowing lines. Hoffman cadences this age of darkness and the coming age of light in crisper, briefer utterance. "Only the artist with the sunlit sympathy and insight can build bridges from soul to soul," declares Lucia Trent in her sensitive Preface. Such a builder is Joseph Hoffman, a builder of bridges not made by hands but by thoughts that leap from heart to heart.

In his sympathetic Introduction, Don West terms this book " . . . the inspired expression of a young man who has delved deep down in living and found there the answer to man's universal craving—the warm, gentle heart of humanity, warped only by a false world's false system." Could any mission in life be greater?

Alfred Morang has contributed pictorially to this volume with a very individual cover design and numerous illustrations.

Th book is aptly named, as such lyrical thunders and lightnings clear the air of a greed-ridden age and pave the way for the redemption of the nations, the day of

> "Welding the people of earth into one,
> Powerful and beautiful in unity,
> Members of one body, beating as one heart."

ETTA JOSEPHEAN MURFEY.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, 15, Illinois

CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

The Unitarian Church of the Larger Fellowship began its existence on September first with Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach as its first minister. This is a church, with headquarters in Boston, which has been especially designed for Unitarians who do not live in cities where there are Unitarian churches. If you have Unitarian friends who now reside in communities in which there are no Unitarian churches, please send their names to Dr. Dieffenbach at 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Mass.

MR. HILTON'S APPOINTMENTS

Sept. 10—Hinsdale, Illinois.
Sept. 17—People's Liberal Church, Chicago.
Sept. 24—Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Oct. 1—Delavan, Illinois, (will preach in his father's church).
Oct. 8—Alton, Illinois.
Oct. 15—Albany, New York.
Oct. 16-20—Boston for meetings of the Department of Church Extension and Maintenance; Executive Committee, Unitarian Ministerial Union; Executive Committee, Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice; Board of Directors of the A.U.A.
Oct. 22—Indianapolis, Indiana.
Oct. 30-31—Iowa Unitarian Conference, Omaha, Nebraska.

CHURCHES

Alton: The Religious Education Committee prepared and sent out a very attractive, illustrated folder announcing the Church School program for the year.

Ann Arbor: Opening services were held on September 17 upon the completion of the interior decorating and the installation of the new organ.

Beverly, Chicago: Services were held all during the summer. Speakers during August were Mr. C. H. Fisher, Mr. Donald Sweet and Rev. Randall S. Hilton.

Davenport: The church received a bequest of $1,000 from the late Julius Lucht.

Detroit: The first Family Night Dinner for the church was sponsored by the Laymen's League on September 27. Rev. Ernest W. Kuebler, Boston, was the speaker.

Duluth: The platform was enlarged during the summer and the pulpit set forward in order to make room for the robed choir.

Hinsdale: Labor Day weekend was the occasion for a Building Bee. The members of the church came and worked to clean and redecorate the building.

Omaha: The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Omaha church will be celebrated this Fall. As a part of the ceremonies the Iowa Unitarian Association will hold its annual meetings there October 30-31.

People's Liberal, Chicago: Speakers at the church during September were Dr. Sunder Joshi, Rev. Randall S. Hilton, and Dr. Curtis W. Reese. An Adult Class has been organized with Professor Maynard Krueger, of the University of Chicago, as leader.

Rockford: The church building is to be featured in the magazine, *Practical Builder,* because it is an "economical and practical worship center which has not sacrificed beauty."

Toledo: Rev. Ernest W. Kuebler, Boston, preached on September 24.

Urbana: A new church paper, *The Religious Modern,* is being published and mailed to a large list of people. It is especially designed to attract University students.

WESTERN CONFERENCE BOARD

The Western Unitarian Conference Board will meet in Chicago, October 11, 1944.

RECENT SETTLEMENTS

First Church, Chicago: Rev. Leslie T. Pennington will begin his duties as minister on October 15. Mr. Pennington comes to Chicago from the First Parish, Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is well known in Unitarian circles. We welcome him to the Western Conference.

Beverly, Chicago: Mr. Jack Mendelssohn began his ministry on September 1. He came to Chicago from Brewster, Massachusetts. Mr. Mendelssohn was a student at Harvard Divinity School. He will complete his Divinity work at Meadville Theological School.

Cedar Rapids: Rev. Waldemar Argow, Jr., began his ministry on September 1. He came to Cedar Rapids from South Natick and Sherborn, Massachusetts. Mr. Argow takes over the pulpit once occupied by his father, W. Waldemar W. Argow, now minister at Baltimore.

Des Moines: Rev. Grant Butler began his ministry on September 1. Mr. Butler was formerly minister of St. Paul's Congregational Church, Chicago.

PERSONALS

Dr. Von Ogden Vogt and **Mrs. Vogt** will leave Chicago the second week in October for their home at Vero Beach, Florida. Dr. Vogt is retiring after twenty years as minister of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago. Dr. Vogt is well known for his contribution to the field of Worship and the Religious Arts. Mrs. Vogt also has made outstanding contributions to the life of the church, the community, and the Unitarian movement. Recently she has been on the Boards of both the Chicago Y.W.C.A. and the Western Unitarian Conference. Chicago and the Conference will miss the Vogts. There will be a warm welcome for them whenever they find it possible to visit Chicago.

Dr. Homer Jack has resigned as minister of the church in Lawrence, Kansas. He will continue as Executive Secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, a position which he held during the summer months. Dr. Preston Bradley, minister of People's Church, Chicago, is chairman of the Council.

Rev. John Malick, minister at Duluth, is a frequent chess opponent of Sinclair Lewis. A picture of them playing chess was recently printed in the *Christian Register.*

Order your church and church school supplies through
THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE